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THE MUSES GARDIN FOR DELIGHTS

PR
1207
J6
1901

With the
Publisher's Compliments

The Muses Gardin for Delights

Or the fift Booke of Ayres

Onely for the Lute, the Base-vyoll and the voice

Composed by Robert Jones

Edited with an Introduction by

WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

OXFORD: B. H. BLACKWELL

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INTRODVCTION.

To Mr Arthur Bullen *the credit is due of having been really the first to reveal to the general public the lyrical treasures hidden in the many collections of madrigals and airs which appeared in England at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. In his two delightful Anthologies, 'Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age' (1887) and 'More Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age' (1888) and the subsequent editions of these collections, Mr* Bullen *practically exhausted the mine which he so fortunately discovered, and there was little left for future explorers but to draw upon the treasures revealed by his industry. One or two song-books, however, of which there remained record, eluded even Mr* Bullen's *patient research, and experience has proved repeatedly that in a country like England, where collections of books often remain for years untouched and neglected in some country-house or little used library, the hope must never be abandoned that a work may be found in some unlikely quarter after it has long been given up as lost. In the preface to Mr* Bullen's *first collection he says:—*

'*There is much excellent verse hidden away in the Song-Books of* Robert Jones, *a famous performer on the lute. Between* 1601 *and* 1611 Jones *issued six musical works. Two of these—*"*The First Set*

of Madrigals", 1607, *and* "*The Muses' Garden for Delight*", 1611, *—I have unfortunately not been able to see, as I have not yet succeeded in discovering their present reſting-place.' An incomplete set of the Part-Books of the Madrigals in the British Museum Library was drawn upon for the same editor's second Anthology, but 'The Muses' Garden' ſtill eluded every attempt to discover it. In* 1812 *a copy exiſted in the library of the Marquis of* Stafford, *and in that year* Beloe *printed from it ſix songs (which Mr.* Bullen *included in his second collection) in the ſixth volume of his 'Anecdotes', as well as 'Love is a prettie frenzie', with a note to the effect that he did not remember where he transcribed it. Enquiry at Stafford House and Trentham proved that the book was in neither library, but the Duke of* Sutherland's *librarian advised search being made at Bridgewater House, and here the long-loſt volume was found, together with many other treasures of a like kind, one of which, an incomplete set of the part-books of* Tessier's *'Premier Livre de Chansons & Airs de Cour tant en francois qu'en italien & en gascon à 4 & 5 parties'* (Thos Eſte, *London*, 1597.), *had not previously been known to any bibliographer of musical publications. By the kindness of the Earl of* Ellesmere *I am now enabled to re-print the words of this loſt treasure. May some future investigator be so fortunate as to discover the whereabouts of* Michael Cavendiſh's *'Ayres for Four Voyces'* (1599) *and* Walter Porter's *'Madrigales & Ayres of Two, Three, Foure and Five Voyces'* (1632), *both of which are mentioned in* Rimbault's *'Bibliotheca Madrigaliana'* (1847) *but for the present have eluded all research!*

Of Robert Jones, *the composer of the music of these songs, very little is known. It is said in vol.* xxx *of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' that he was a poet as well as a musician, but for this claim there seems to be no good evidence, though, unfortunately, it has been followed by several modern musicians who have re-set some of the verses in his song-books. It is possible that the statement was made on the strength of the following passage in the dedication of 'A Musical Dreame':—'It is not unknowne unto your wel deserving self, Right Worshipfull, that not long since I took my* Ultimum Vale, *with a resolving in my selfe, never to publish any workes of the same Nature and Fashion, whereupon I betooke me to the ease of my Pillow, where* Somnus *having taken possession of my eyes, and* Morpheus *the charge of my senses; it happened mee to fall into a Musical Dreame, wherein I chanced to have many opinions and extravagant humors of divers Natures and Conditions, some of modest mirth, some of amorous Love, and some of most divine contemplation; all these I hope, shall not give any distaste to the eares, or dislike to the mind, eyther in their words, or in their severall sounds, although it is not necessarie to relate or divulge all Dreames or Phantasies that opinion begets in sleepe, or happeneth to the mindes apparition.' A literal interpretation of this passage might conceivably lead to the supposition that the composer intended in it to claim both music and words as the product of his dream, but this theory falls to the ground in the face of the fact that the very first song in 'A Musicall Dreame' is a setting of words by* Thomas Campion, *and that the last two numbers of the volume are Italian Madrigals*

which had been set respectively by Verdelot *and* Jachet Berchem *so far back as* 1538 *and* 1546. *The passage above quoted is the only one in* Jones's *characteristic prefaces and dedications which by any stretch of fancy can be construed as evidence that he was a poet, while on the other hand he expressly refers in his Second Book to the* 'ditties' *being* 'the private contentments of divers gentlemen,' *a statement borne out by the fact that many of the poems in his earlier publications are to be found in such well-known Anthologies as* 'England's *Helicon' and* Davidson's 'Poetical *Rhapsody.' The songs in the* 'Muses' *Garden' I have not traced in any other work, but their inequality is strong evidence they were not the work of one hand, and there is no reason for attributing their authorship to the composer who set them.*

The *authentic details of* Robert Jones's *career are most meagre. On* 29 *April* 1597 *a grace was passed for his degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford, in which it is stated that he had studied music for sixteen years and was a member of St. Edmund's Hall. Almost the only other facts known about him are derived from* Collier's 'Annals *of the Stage'* (1879), *in which* (1. 380.) *it is said that in* 1615 *a Privy Seal for Patent was granted to* Philip Rosseter, Philip Kingman, Robert Jones *&* Ralph Reeve, *who had bought ground & buildings near Puddle-Wharf, Blackfriars, on which to erect a Theatre.* Rosseter *was a musician of some repute and had been* (1609–10) *Master of the Children of the Queen's Revels. The new house was to be occupied by this company, by the Prince of Wales' and the Lady* Elizabeth's *players, to which latter* Rosseter *had recently joined him-*

self. Collier *prints the original document in full, and from this it seems that the building the partners had acquired was 'called by the name of the Ladie* Saunders' *House, or otherwise* Porter's *Hall,' and was then in the occupation of* Robert Jones. *The grant of the patent is dated* Greenwich, 13 *Jas.* I, *and in the following autumn a beginning was made in pulling down the house and erecting the new theatre. The scheme, however, met with great opposition from the Lord Mayor & Aldermen and the Privy Council, and in the following January, when the building was nearly finished, the Lord Mayor was ordered by the King's authority to make it unfit for use as a theatre, which was done within three days' time. These are practically the only facts known about* Robert Jones, *though it can be gathered from the dedications of his various musical works that he enjoyed at one period of his career the patronage of* Robert Sidney, *first Earl of Leicester. To him he dedicated his 'First Book of Ayres'* (1600,) (*not the Second Book, as stated by Mr.* Sidney Lee *in his life of* Leicester *in the 'Dictionary of National Biography'), styling them 'the unworthie labours of my musicall travels'. In* 1601 *he published a Second Book, dedicated to* Sir Henry Lennard, *afterwards twelfth Baron Dacre of the South, whose house at Chevening was not far from that of the Sydneys at Penshurst. In the same year* Jones *contributed a Madrigal to the celebrated 'Triumphs of Oriana,' and in* 1607 *he brought out a set of Madrigals (no complete copy of which is known to exist) dedicated to* Robert Cecil, *Earl of Salisbury. His next work was 'Ultimum Vale,' another book of Airs, dedicated to* Henry, *Prince of Wales, a unique copy of which is preserved in the Library*

of the Royal College of Music. This was followed (in 1609) by a fourth book of Airs, entitled 'A Musicall Dreame,' dedicated to Sir John Leventhorpe, *of Sawbridgeworth, Herts. 'The Muses' Garden' (1610) & three pieces in Sir* William Leighton's *'Teares or Lamentacions of a Sorrowfull Soule' (1614) complete the list of his compositions. The former is dedicated to Lady* Mary Wroth, *a daughter of* Robert Sidney *Earl of Leicester by his first wife* Barbara Gamage. *She married (27 Sept. 1602) Sir* Robert Wroth, *of Durance, Middlesex, and in 1621 published a romance called 'Urania.' The esteem in which she was held by the literary circles of the day is shown by the two epigrams addressed to her by* Ben Jonson *in 1616, and also by a passage in* Peacham's *'Compleat Gentleman' (1623), to the effect that she 'seemeth by her late published Urania inheritrix of the Divine wit of her immortal Vncle.'*

Of Jones' *merits as a composer it is not possible to speak decisively, owing to the unfortunate loss of some of the part-books of his madrigals. He was evidently one of the little group of English composers who were educated as polyphonists and were the first to introduce the new homophonic style which sprang up in Italy at the beginning of the 17th century. To modern ears his airs seem very slight in texture and their accompaniments poor in harmony, but in more than one instance he wrote pretty melodies, and he may justly claim to be considered one of the first to have presented the characteristics of English folk-music in a more artistic form than in the old dance-tunes and ballads to which they had hitherto been confined. But it is chiefly by the taste he displayed in the selection of his words that* Robert Jones *deserves*

to be remembered. After the song-books of Campion *there is no more delightful mine of lyrical poetry to be found among the musical publications of the time of* Elizabeth *&* James I *than in the thin folios which contain* Jones's *five sets of Airs, and it is not to be wondered at that Mr* Bullen *should have been 'consumed with a desire' to see the missing work which is here re-printed. That the merits of its contents, though very unequal, are fully equal to those of its predecessors, will hardly be denied after perusing the following pages.*

It only remains to be said, that one poem (a poor piece of indecency not in accordance with modern taste) has been omitted, and that the spelling of the original (but not the punctuation) has been generally retained in the present edition, such variations as seemed absolutely necessary being noted at the end of the volume. For the excellent photograph of the original title-page, as well as for much other assistance in preparing this edition, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Strachan Holme, *the librarian at Bridgewater House.*

THE Muſes Gardin for Delights.

Or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the Lute, the Baſe-vyall, and the Voyce.

Compoſed by ROBERT IONES.

Quæ prosunt singula, multa iuuant.

Printed by the Aſsignes of *William Barley.* 16[illegible]

To The True Honourable,
And Eſteemed Worthie, The
Right Worſhipfull the Lady Wroth.

MOST Honoured Lady, my eldeſt and firſt iſſue, hauing thriu'd ſo well vnder the protection of your Right Honourable Father, blame not this my youngeſt and laſt Babe, if it deſirouſly ſeeke Sanctuarie with your ſelfe, as being a moſt worthy branch from ſo Noble and renowmed a ſtocke: It is hereditarie to your whole houſe, not onely to be truely Honourable in your ſelues, but to be the fauourers and furtherers of all honeſt and vertuous endeuours in others. And that makes me ſo farre daring, as to preſume to offer this Dedication to your faire acceptance; And howſoeuer my defects therin may happily (or rather vnhappily) be many: Yet am I moſt confident (and that growes from the worthineſſe of your owne nature) that your Honourable minde will be pleaſed (ſince it caſts it ſelfe moſt humbly in your armes) to giue it willing entertainment, and to countenance it with the faire Liuerie of your noble Name. It may bee ſlighted in reſpect of its owne valew, but your fauourable acceptance will both grace it, and my ſelfe, as a poore Table hung vp, euen in Princes Gallories, not for the Wood, but for the Picture

And ſo (Noble Lady) not daring to bee iealous
of your Honourable entertaine-
ment, I reſt

Your Ladyſhip deuoted in all dutie,

ROBERT IONES.

To the friendly Censvrers.

DEARE friends, for ſo I call you, if you pleaſe to accept my good meaning, I preſented you laſt with a Dreame, in which I doubt not but your fantaſies haue receiued ſome reaſonable contentment, & now if you pleaſe to be awaked out of that Dreame, I ſhall for your recreation and refreſhing, guide you to the Mvses Garden, *where you ſhall find ſuch varietie of delights, that queſtionleſſe you will willingly ſpend ſome time in the view thereof. In your firſt entrance into which Garden, you ſhall meete with Loue, Loue, and nought but Loue, ſet foorth at large in his colours, by way of decyphering him in his nature. In the midſt of it, you ſhall find Loue reiected, vpon inconſtancie and hard meaſure of ingratitude. Touching them that are louers, I leaue them to their owne cenſure in Loues deſcription. And now for the end, it is variable in another maner, for the delight of the eare to ſatisfie opinion. I am not ſo arrogant to commend mine owne gifts, neither yet ſo degenerate as to beg your tolleration. If theſe delights of Flowers, or varietie of Fruites, may any wayes be pleaſing to your ſenſes I ſhall be glad, otherwiſe I will vow neuer to ſet, ſow, plant or graft, and my labours henceforth ſhall ceaſe to trouble you. If you will needs miſlike, I care not. I will preuent your cenſures, and defie your malice, if you deſpise me. I am reſolute, if you vſe me with reſpect. I bid you moſt heartily Farewell.* R. I.

The Table.

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As I lay lately in a dreame. 13
There was a willy ladde. 14
My father faine would haue me take. 15
My Loue hath her true Loue betraide. 16
All my ſence thy ſweeteneſſe gained. 17
To thee deafe Aſpe with dying voice. 18
Behold her lockes like wires of beaten Gold. 19
Although the Wings of my deſire be clipt. 20
Might I redeeme mine errors with mine eyes. 21

I.

Loue loue.

LOVE is a prettie frencie,
A melancholy fire,
Begot by lookes,
Maintain'd with hopes,
And heythen'd by deſire.

Love is a pretie tyrant
By our affections armed,
Take them away,
None lives this day,
The coward boy hath harmed.

Love is a pretie idole,
Opinion did deviſe him,
His votaries
Is ſloth and lies,
The robes that doe diſguiſe him.

Love is a pretie painter,
And counterfeiteth paſſion,
His ſhadow'd lies,
Makes fanſies riſe,
To ſet beliefe in faſhion.

Love is a pretie pedler,
Whoſe packe is fraught with ſorrowes,
With doubts, with feares,
With ſighs, with teares,
Some joyes—but thoſe he borrowes.

Love is a pretie nothing,
Yet what a quoile it keepes,
With thouſand eyes
Of jealouſies,
Yet no one ever ſleepes.

II.

Soft Cupid ſoft.

SOFT, Cupid, ſoft, there is no haſte
For all unkindneſſe gone and paſt,
Since thou wilt needs forſake me ſo,
Let us parte friendes, before thou goe.

Still ſhalt thou have my heart to uſe,
When I cannot otherwiſe chuſe,
My life thou may'ſt command ſans doubt,
Command, I ſay, and goe with out.

And if that I doe ever prove
Falſe and unkind to gentle Love,
Ile not deſire to live a day,
Nor any longer then I may.

Ile dayly bleſſe the little God,
But not without a ſmarting rod;
Wilt thou ſtill unkindly leave mee?
Now I pray God all ill goe with thee!

III.

As I the ſilly fiſh beguile.

AS I the ſilly fiſh deceive,
So Fortune playes with me,
Whoſe baites my heart of joyes bereave,
And angles taketh mee.
I ſtill doe fiſh, yet am I caught,
And taken am, their taking taught.

The river wherein I doe ſwimme,
Of ſtreames of hope is made,
Where joyes as flowers dreſſe the brimme,
And frownes doe make my ſhade;
Whence ſmiles as ſunſhine gives me heat,
And ſhadow-frownes from ſhowers beat.

Thus taken like an envious one
Who glads for others' care,
Since he himſelfe muſt feel ſuch mone,
Delights all ſo ſhould fare,
And ſtrives to make them know like ſmart,
So make I this to beare a part.

IV.

The fountaines ſmoake.

THE fountaines ſmoake, and yet no flames they ſhewe,
Starres ſhine all night, though undeſern'd by day,
And trees doe ſpring, yet are not ſeene to growe,
And ſhadowes moove, although they ſeeme to ſtay,
In Winter's woe is buried Summer's bliſſe,
And Love loves moſt, when Love moſt ſecret is.

The ſtilleſt ſtreames deſcries the greateſt deepe,
The cleareſt ſkie is ſubject to a ſhower,
Conceit's moſt ſweete, whenas it ſeems to ſleepe,
And faireſt dayes doe in the morning lower;
The ſilent groves ſweete nimphes they cannot miſſe,
For Love loves moſt, where Love moſt ſecret is.

The rareſt jewels hidden vertue yeeld,
The ſweete of traffique is a ſecret gaine,
The yeere once old doth ſhew a barren field,
And plants ſeeme dead, and yet they ſpring againe;
Cupid is blind, the reaſon why is this:
Love loveth moſt, where Love moſt ſecret is.

V.

Walking by the River ſide.

WALKING by a river-ſide,
In prime of ſummer's morning,
Viewing Phœbus in his pride
The ſilver ſtreames adorning,
And paſſing on, myſelfe alone,
Methought I heard a wofull grone.

Still I ſtood as one amaz'd
To heare this wofull crying,
Round about me then I gaz'd,
In every meddow prying,
Yet could I not this wight ſurpriſe,
Although the voice did pierce the ſkies.

'Venus, thou haſt kild my heart
And quite my ſoule confounded,
Thy ſonne Cupid, with his dart,
My vitall parts hath wounded;
Shoote home! proude boy, and doe thy worſt,
That ſhee may die that lives accurſt.

Draw thy ſhaft unto the head
And ſtrongly it deliver,
Draw that thou mayſt ſtrike her dead
That lives a hopeleſſe lover.
Let come, blind boy, to ſatiſfie
His mind that moſt deſires to die.'

VI.

I cannot chuſe but giue a ſmile.

I CANNOT chuſe but give a ſmile
To ſee how Love doeth all beguile,
Except it bee my frozen heart
That yeeldes not to his fierie dart.

Belike I was, Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
My fleſh it feares no puſh of pike,
The ſpeare againſt me doth no good.

Onely my heele may Cupid hit,
And yet I care not much for it,
Becauſe the hurt I cannot feele,
Vnleſſe my heart were in my heele.

The Answere.

I cannot chuſe but needes muſt ſmile
To ſee how Love doth thee beguile,
Which did of purpoſe frieze thy heart,
To thaw it to thy greater ſmart.

Suppoſe thou wert, Achillis like,
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,
That might avail 'gainſt puſh of pike,
But 'gainſt his dart t'will doe no good.

For if thy heele he doe but hit,
His venom'd ſhaft will rancle it,
The force whereof the heart muſt feele,
Convaide by arteryes from thy heele.

VII.

Ioy in thy hopes.

JOYE in thy hope, the earneſt of thy love,
For ſo thou mayſt enjoy thy heart's deſire;
True hopes things abſent doe as preſent proove
And keepe alive love's ſtill renewing fire.

But of thy hope let ſilence be the tongue
And ſecreſie the heart of loving fire,
For hopes revealéd may thy hopes prolong,
Or cut them off in prime-time of deſire.

Sweete are thoſe hopes that doe themſelves enjoy,
As vowéd to themſelves to live and dye,
Sweeteſt thoſe joyes, and freeeſt from annoy,
That waken not the eye of jealouſie.

L'Envoy.

Thy love is not thy love, if not thine owne,
And ſo it is not, if it once be knowne.

VIII.

How many New yeeres haue growen olde.

HOW many new yeres have grow'n old,
Since firſt your ſervant old was new;
How many long hours have I told,
Since firſt my love was vow'd to you;
And yet, alas, ſhee doeth not know
Whether her ſervant love or no!

How many walls as white as ſnow
And windowes cleere as any glaſſe
Have I conjur'd to tell you ſo,
Which faithfully peſtormed was;
And yet you'l ſweare you do not know
Whether your ſervant love or no!

How often hath my pale leane face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither ſighs nor teares can move;
O cruell! yet doe you not know
Whether your ſervant love or no?

And wanting oft a better token,
I have been faine to ſend my heart,
Which now your cold diſdaine hath broken,
Nor can you heal 't by any art.
O looke upon 't, and you ſhall know
Whether your ſervant love or no.

IX.

There was a ſhepheard that did liue.

THERE was a ſhepheard that did live,
And held his thoughtes as hie
As were the mounts whereon his flockes
Did hourely feede him by.

He from his youth, his tender youth,
Which was unapt to keepe
Or hopes, or feares, or loves, or cares,
Or thoughts but of his ſheepe

Did with his dogge, as ſhepheards doe
For ſhepheards wanting wit,
Deviſe ſome ſports, though fooliſh ſports,
Yet ſports for ſhepheards fit.

The boy that yet was but a boy,
And ſo defir's were hid,
Did grow a man, and men must love,
And love this ſhepheard did.

He loved much, none can too much
Love one ſo high divine,
As but herſelfe, none but herſelfe
So faire, ſo freſh, ſo fine.

He vowed by his ſhepheard's weede,
An oath which ſhepheards keepe,
That he would ſollow Phillyday,
Before a flocke of ſheepe.

NOTE—*The composer (or his printer) seems to have omitted some verses of this poem. There is an obvious break of continuity between the third and fourth stanzas.*

X.

The Sea hath many thouſand ſands.

THE ſea hath many thouſand ſands,
The ſun hath motes as many,
The ſkie is full of ſtarres, and love
As full of woes as any:
Beleeve me, that doe knowe the elfe,
And make no tryall by thyſelfe.

It is in trueth a prettie toye
For babes to play withall;
But O! the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!
Selfe-proofe in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee ſo.

A prophet that, Caſſandra like,
Tels trueth without beliefe;
For headſtrong youth will runne his race,
Although his goale be griefe:
Love's martyr, when his heate is paſt,
Prooves Care's confeſſor at the laſt.

XI.

Once did my thoughts both ebbe and flow.

ONCE did my thoughts both ebbe and flowe,
As paſſion did them moove,
Once did I hope, ſtraight feare againe,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking ſpend the night
And told how many minutes moove,
Once did I wiſhing waſte the day,
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and teares were both our lots,
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath
And in my miſtris move,
Once was I not mine owne at all,
And then I was in love.

Once woare I bracelets made of hayre
And collers did aprove,
Once were my clothes made out of waxe,
And then I was in love.

Once did I ſonnet to my ſaint,
My ſoul in numbers mov'd,
Once did I tell a thouſand lies,
And then in trueth I lov'd.

Once in my eare did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a foole,
And then I was in love.

XII.

I am ſo farre from pittying thee.

I AM ſo farre from pittying thee,
That wears't a branch of willow-tree,
That I doe envie thee and all
That once was high and got a fall:
O willow, willow, willow-tree,
I would thou didſt belong to me!

Thy wearing willow doth imply
That thou art happier farre then I;
For once thou wert where thou wouldſt be
Though now thou wear'ſt the willow-tree:
O willow, willow, ſweeté willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow!

I doe defie both bough and roote
And all the fiends of Hell to boote,
One houre of Paradiſéd joye
Makes Purgatorie ſeeme a toye:
O willow, willow, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not make me more accurſt!

I have ſpent all my golden time
In writing many a loving rime,
I have conſuméd all my youth
In vowing of my faith and trueth:
O willow, willow, willow-tree,
Yet can I not beleevéd bee!

And now alas, it is too late,
Gray hayres, the meſſenger of fate,
Bids me to ſet my heart at reſt,
For beautie loveth yong men beſt:
O willow, willow, I muſt die,
Thy ſervant's happier farre then I!

XIII.

As I lay lately in a dreame.

AS I lay lately in a dreame.

XIV.

There was a willy ladde.

THERE was a wyly ladde
Met with a bony laſſe,
Much pretie ſport they had,
But I wot not what it was.
He woed her for a kiſſe,
She plainely ſaid him no,
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth ſhee,
'I pray you let mee goe'.

Full many lovely tearms
Did paſſe in merrie glee,
He cold* her in his armes
And daunc't her on his knee,
And faine he would have paide
Such debts as he did owe,
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth ſhee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

**embraced*

'Sweete, be you not ſo nice
To gratifie a friend,
If kiſſing be a vice,
My ſute is at an end'.
'Noe, noe, it is the rule
To learne a man to woe',
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth ſhee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

'For Cupid hath an eye
To play a lover's part,
And ſwift his arrowes flie
To leavell at the heart.
Thy beautie was my bane,
That brought me to his bowe',
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth ſhee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

'Good Sir, alas, you feede
Your fancie with conceit',
'Sweet, ſweet, how ſhould we ſpeede
If lovers could not ſpeake?
I ſpeake but what I wiſh,
The ſpirit wils me ſo',
'I pray', quoth he,
'Nay, nay', quoth ſhee,
'I pray you let me goe'.

With that ſhee ſwore an oath,
And loth ſhe was to breake it,
And ſo, to pleaſe them both,
He gave and ſhee did take it.
There was no labour loſt,
True amitie to ſhow,
'Adew', quoth he,
'Nay, ſtay', quoth ſhee,
'Let's kiſſe before you goe'.

XV.

My father faine would have me take.

MY father faine would have mee take
A man that hath had a beard,
My mother ſhee cries out 'Alacke'
And makes mee much afearde;
In ſooth, I am not olde enough,
Nowe ſurely this is goodly ſtuffe!
Faith! let my mother burie mee
Or let ſome young man marrie me.

For I have liv'd theſe fourteene yeeres,
My mother knows it well,
What neede ſhee then to caſt ſuch feares,
Can any body tell?
Although young women doe not know
That cuſtome will not let them wo,
I would be glad if I might chuſe,
But I were madde if I refuſe.

My mother bids me goe to ſchoole
And learn to doe ſome good,
'Twere well if ſhee would let the foole
Come home and ſucke a dugge.
As if my father knew not yet
That maidens are for young men fit!
Give me my mind and let me wed
Or you ſhall quickly find me dead.

How ſoone my mother hath forgot
That ever ſhee was yong
And how that ſhee denyéd not
But ſung another ſong.
I muſt not ſpeake what I doe thinke,
When I am drie, I may not drinke,
Though her deſire be now growen old,
Shee muſt have fier when ſhee is cold.

You ſee the mother loves the ſonne,
My father loves the maide,
What? would ſhee have me be a nun?
I will not be delaide,
I will not live thus idle ſtill,
My mother ſhall not have her will,
My father ſpeaketh like a man,
I will be married, doe what ſhee can.

XVI.

My Loue hath her true Loue betraide.

MY love hath her true love betraide,
Why, 'tis a fault that is to common,
Yet ſhall it not be ever ſaide,
My faith depended on a woman:
If ſhee did, to prove untrue,
I ſhall doe worſe, to change for new.

She hath ſome vertues; follow them,
Take not example by her lightneſſe,
Be not amongſt the vulgar men,
Though ſhe be clouded, keepe thy brightneſſe:
Perhaps herſelfe in time may prove
What 'tis to wrong a conſtant love.

The many vowes given by my faire
Were none of hers: the wind did owe them,
Then were they breath, now are they ayre,
Whence firſt they came, there ſhe beſtowes them:
Then marvell not, though women alter,
When all things turne to their firſt matter.

XVII.

All my ſence thy ſweetneſſe gained.

ALL my ſenſe thy ſweeteneſſe gained,
Thy faire hayre my hart enchained,
My poore reaſon thy wordes mooved,
So that thee like heaven I loved.
Fa, la, la,
Leri, deri, dan,
While to my minde the outſide ſtoode
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſſe ſowre is deemed,
Thy hayre not worth a hayre eſteemed,
While to my mind the outſide ſtood
Finding that, but words they proov'd.
Fa, la, la,
Leri, deri, dan,
For no faire ſigne can credit winne
If that the ſubſtance faile within.

No more in thy ſweeteneſſe glorie,
For thy knitting hayre be ſorie,
Vſe thy words but to bewaile thee
That no more thy beames availe thee.
Fa, la, la,
Leri, deri, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to viewe
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, ſhee weepeth!
Foole in me, what follie creepeth?
Was I to blaſphemie enraged
Where my ſoule I have engaged?
Fa, la, la,
Leri, deri, dan,
And wretched I muſt yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chaſtneſſe is.

Sweetneſſe, ſweetely pardon folly,
Tye my hayre your captive ſolly,
Words, O words of heavenly knowledge
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Fa, la, la,
Leri, deri, dan,
And all my life I will confeſſe,
The leſſe I love, I live the leſſe.

XVIII.

To thee deafe Aſpe with dying voice.

TO thee, deafe aſpe, with dying voice,
Sadly I ſing this heavie charme,
That if thy heart doe ere rejoyce
And ſet at nought my grievous harme,
This verſe, writ with a dead man's arme,
May haunt thy ſenſeleſs eyes and eares,
Turn joyes to cares and hopes to feares.

By thy Creator's pietie,
By her that brought thee to this light,
By thy deare nurſe's love to thee
By Love itſelfe, heavens, day and night,
By all that can thy ſenſe delight,
When I am cold and wrapt in lead,
Remember oft thy ſervant dead.

So ſhall my ſhadow thee attend
Like calmeſt breath of weſterne wind,
If not, with grones it ſhall aſcend
Like raven, owle, beare or helliſh fiend,
Ratling the chaines which doe it bind,
And where thou art by ſilent night,
It ſhall thy guiltie ſoule affright.

Yet ſea-men, toſt with ſtormie wind,
Voide of all hope, reſolv'd to die,
From powerfull heavens oft mercie find
And ſo may I find grace with thee.
No, no, thou canſt not pitie me,
Aſpes cannot heare nor live can I,
Thou heareſt not, unheard I die!

XIX.

Behold her lockes like wires of beaten Gold.

BEHOLD her locks like wyers of beaten gold,
Her eyes like ſtars that twinkle in the ſkie,
Her heavenly face, not fram'd of earthly mold,
Her voice that ſounds the heavens' melody;
The miracles of time, the worlde's ſtorie,
Fortune's queene, Love's treaſure, Nature's glorie!

No flattering hopes ſhee likes, blind Fortune's baite,
Nor ſhadowes of delight, fond Fancie's glaſſe,
Nor charmes that doe inchant, falſe Art's deceipt,
Nor fading joyes, which Time makes ſwiftly paſſe;
But chaſt deſires, which beateth all theſe downe,
A goddeſſe' looke is worth a monarch's crowne.

XX.

Although the Wings of my deſire be clipt.

ALTHOVGH the wings of my defires bee clipte
And my love-thoughtes from mounting lowlye bounded,
Though ſlie Suſpect my joyes with froſt hath nipt,
So as my hopes with feares are ſtill ſurrounded,
Yet will I live to love, although through love I die,
And cumbers ſtill do grow, and comforts from mee flie,
No jealous thoughts ſhall force mee to retyre,
But I will hope to enjoye my heart's defire.

Which likes to love, and yet the ſame conceale,
Remembrance chiefly working my relieving,
Though times of joy be ſhort, yet will I ſteale
Such times, to keepe my heart from further grieving;
Force may remoove my lookes, but not expell my joy,
Though Cupid's ſhaft give cureleſſe wounds, 'tis no annoy,
Whileſt life endures, Ile love, though ſeeme to ſhunne
That port of reſt from whence my comforts come.

XXI.

Might I redeeme mine errors with mine eyes.

MIGHT I redeeme myne errours with mine eyes
And ſhed but for each ſeverall ſinne a teare,
The ſumme to ſuch a great account ſhould riſe,
That I ſhould never make mine audit cleare,
The totall is too bigge to paye the ſcore,
I am ſo rich in ſinne, in teares ſo poore.

O wretchéd wealth! that doth procure ſuch want,
Vnhappy ſoule to bee ſo rich in ſin,
The ſtore whereof doth make all graces ſcant
And ſtops thy teares, ere they doe ſcarce begin;
What once a famous poet ſung before
I finde too true, my plenty makes me poore.

O might I proove in this a prodigall
And bate my meanes by leſſ'ning of my ſtocke,
I ſhould in grace grow great, in ſinnes but ſmall,
If I could every day from forth the ſhocke
But pull one eare. O ten times happy want,
When teares increaſe and ſinnes doe grow more
ſcant!

O that my God with ſuch ſweete ſtrokes would ſtrike
And by His grace so bank-rout mine eſtate,
That growing poore in ſinne I, Lazar-like,
Might dayly beg for mercy at His gate,
And crave, though not admittance to His feaſt,
Some crums of grace to feede my ſoule at leaſt!

ORIGINAL SPELLINGS AND READINGS ALTERED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

The Table	*l.* 3.	*Aze I the ſilly fiſh beguile.*
	l. 15.	*My father faine would hæve me rake.*
I.	1. *l.* 5.	*hey th'end, by deſire.*
II.	2. *l.* 3.	*ſaunce doubt.*
III.	1. *l.* 4.	*Angels taketh mee.*
	3. *l.* 5.	*and ſtrive to make.*
	l. 6.	*to beare apart.*
IV.	2. *l.* 3.	*Conceit's moſt ſweete, when as it ſeemes.*
V.	4. *l.* 6.	*that moſt deſire to dies.*
VII.	2. *l.* 1.	*let ſilence be thy tongue.*
	3. *l.* 2.	*to live and dey.*
	l. 3.	*and freeſt from annoy.*
L'Envoy.	*l.* 2.	*if it once be knowen.*
VIII.	1. *l.* 3.	*How many long howers.*
	2. *l.* 1.	*How many wals.*
XII.	1. *l.* 5.	*O willow, willow, willo tree.*

XII. 3. *l.* 2. *And all the friends of hell.*

5. *l.* 5. *O willow, willo, I must die.*

XV. 1. *l.* 4. *And makes me much afraide.*

ll. 7, 8. *Faith! let my mother marrie mee.*
Or let ſome young man burie mee.

XVI. 2. *l.* 1. *She hath ſome vertues.*

3. *l.* 3. *Then weare they breath.*

3. *l.* 5. *Thoſe women alter.*

XVII. [The burden to all the verſes except the firſt is printed *—Fa, la, la Dan, dan, dan.*]

XVIII. 1. *l.* 1. *To the deafe Aſpe!*

[The Table gives the reading adopted in the text.]

3. *l.* 4. *helliſh feind.*

XX. 2. *l.* 6. *Though Cupidis ſhaft.*

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